THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 19, 1803.

## *Some Account of the Manners and Cuſtoms of Turkey, by the late Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

[From a Collection of her Letters lately publiſhed.]

To Mrs. Thistlethwayte.

*Adrianople, April* 1, *O. S.* 1718.

I Can now tell, dear Mrs. Thiſtlethwayte, that I am ſafely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have ſuffered. You would rather be informed of the ſtrange things that are to be ſeen here; and a letter out of Turkey that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a diſappointment as my viſitors will receive at London if I return thither without any rarities to ſhew them.

What ſhall I tell you of? You never ſaw camels in your life, and perhaps the deſcription of them will appear new to you: I can aſſure you the firſt ſight of them was ſo to me; and, though I have ſeen hundreds of pictures of thoſe animals, I never ſaw any that was reſembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold obſervation, and poſſibly a falſe one, becauſe nobody has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the ſtag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks are exactly ſhaped like them, and their colour very near the ſame. It is true, that they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horſe, and ſo ſwift, that after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the ſwifteſt horſes, and brought the firſt news of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with ſtrong ropes, fifty in a ſtring, led by an aſs, on which the driver

rides. I have ſeen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horſe; but it is a particular art to load them, becauſe of the bunch on their backs. They ſeem to me very ugly creatures, their heads being ill formed, and diſproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burthens; and the beaſts deſtined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are alſo unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumſy than an ox; they have ſhort, thick, black horns, cloſe to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They ſay this horn looks very beautiful when it is well poliſhed. They are all black, with very ſhort hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails and the hair of their forehead red, by way of ornament.

Horſes are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of ſpirit, but generally little, and not ſtrong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and alſo ſwift and ſure-footed. I have a little white favourite that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with ſo much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare to mount him; yet, I'll aſſure you, I never rid a horſe ſo much at my command in my life. My ſide-ſaddle is the firſt that was ever ſeen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder as the ſhip of Columbus in the firſt diſcovery of America.—Here are ſome little birds held in a ſort of religious reverence, and, for that reaſon, multiply prodigiouſly: turtles, on account of their innocence; and ſtorks, becauſe they are ſuppoſed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca.—To ſay truth, they are the happieſt ſubjects under the Turkiſh government, and are ſo ſenſible of their privileges, that they walk the ſtreets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houſes. Happy are thoſe whoſe houſes are ſo diſtinguiſhed, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly perſuaded that they will not that year be attacked either by fire or peſtilence. I have the happineſs of one of their ſacred neſts under my chamber window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the deſcription of the houſes here will be as new to you as any of the birds or beaſts. I ſuppoſe you have read in moſt of our accounts of Turkey that their houſes are the moſt miſerable pieces of building in the world. I can ſpeak very learnedly on the ſubject, having been in ſo many of them; and, I aſſure you, 'tis no ſuch thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the grand ſignior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable and proper for the country. It is true, they are not at all ſolicitous to beautify the outſides of their houſes, and they are generally built of wood, which I own is the cauſe of many inconveniences;

conveniences; but this is not to be charged on the ill taſte of the people, but on the oppreſſion of the government. Every houſe at the death of its maſter is at the grand ſignior's diſpoſal, and therefore no man cares to make a great expence which he is not ſure his family will be the better for. All their deſign is to build a houſe commodious, and that will laſt their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after. Every houſe, great and ſmall, is divided into two diſtinct parts, which only join together by a narrow paſſage. The firſt houſe has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are uncommonly large, and with two rows of windows, the firſt being of painted glaſs: they ſeldom build above two ſtories, each of which has galleries. The ſtairs are broad, and not often above thirty ſteps. This is the houſe belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the haram, that is, the ladies' apartment (for the name of ſeraglio is peculiar to the grand ſignior); it has alſo a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the ſame number of chambers as the other, but more gay and ſplendid both in painting and furniture. The ſecond row of windows is very low, with grates like thoſe of convents. The rooms are all ſpread with Perſian carpets, and raiſed at one end of them (my chambers are raiſed at both ends) about two feet. This is the ſofa, which is laid with a richer ſort of carpet, and all round it a ſort of couch, raiſed half a foot, covered with rich ſilk, according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of ſcarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, ſtanding againſt the wall, two rows of cuſhions, the firſt very large and the next little ones; and here the Turks diſplay their greateſt magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white ſatin; nothing can look more gay and ſplendid. Theſe ſeats are alſo ſo convenient and eaſy, that I believe I ſhall never endure chairs as long as I live. The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places with folding doors, and ſerve for cabinets I think more conveniently than our's. Between the windows are little arches to ſet pots of perfume or baſkets of flowes. But what pleaſes me beſt, is the faſhion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up ſeveral ſpouts of water, giving at the ſame time an agreeable coolneſs, and a pleaſant daſhing ſound, falling from one baſin to another. Some of theſe are very magnificent. —Each houſe has a bagnio, which conſiſts generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with baſins, cocks of water, and all conveniencies for either hot or cold baths.

It muſt be under a very particular character, or on ſome extraordinary occaſion, that a Chriſtian is admitted into the houſe of a man of quality; and their harams are always forbidden ground. The women's apartments are always built backward, removed from ſight, and have no other proſpect than the gardens, which are incloſed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable ſhade, and, to my fancy, a pleaſing view. In the midſt of the garden is the chioſk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midſt of it. It is raiſed nine or ten ſteps, and incloſed with gilded lattices, round which, vines, jeſſamines, and honey-ſuckles make a ſort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the ſcene of their greateſt pleaſures, and where the ladies ſpend moſt of their hours, employed by their muſic or embroidery. In the public gardens there are public chioſks, where people go that are not ſo well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, ſherbet, &c.

I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of ſubjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is nobody more deſirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. Thiſtlethwayte,

Your's, &c. &c.

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## *A* DESCRIPTION *of the* ISLE *of* WIGHT.

THIS fine iſland, in ſhape ſomewhat reſembling a bird with expanded wings, meaſures in length about thirteen miles, in breadth twenty-one. It is nearly divided into two equal parts by the Cowes river, which, riſing in the ſouthern angle, diſcharges itſelf at the northern into the Channel. The eaſt and weſt points of the iſland are almoſt cut off from the body by arms of the ſea.

The ſouthern coaſt is edged with very ſteep cliffs of chalk and freeſtone, hollowed out into caverns in various parts. The weſtern ſide is fenced with ridges of rocks, of which the moſt remarkable are thoſe called the Needles.

Between the iſland and the main are various ſand-banks, eſpecially off the eaſtern part, where is the ſafe road of Saint Helen's.

The variety of proſpects which this iſland affords, its mild air, and the neat manner in which the fields are laid out, render it a very delightful ſpot. It is almoſt ſolely devoted to huſbandry, and has no manufacture. Its annual production is reckoned to be eight or ten times as much as its conſumption; and a number of labourers come over every year to get in the harveſt. All kinds of corn are grown, but eſpecially wheat or barley; the

latter,

latter, unmalted, is one of the principal reſources of the London markets. Among the products of this iſland are to be reckoned a pure white pipe clay, and a fine white cryſtalline ſand; great quantities of the latter are exported for the uſe of the glaſs works.

Its principal town is the borough of Newport, on the river Cowes, which is navigable to it for ſmall veſſels, but has very little trade.

Cowes, at the mouth of the river, has a good deal of traffic in ſupplying ſhips with proviſions, particularly in time of war. Yarmouth, though a borough town, is only a ſmall fiſhing place.

Near the centre of the iſle is Cariſbrook Caſtle, remarkable as being the priſon of Charles I. more than a year after he came into the power of the parliament.

ORLANDO.

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## *Account of the Slaves of the Cape of Good Hope.*

[From Walks and Sketches, by Robert Semple.]

THE ſlaves are lodged ſometimes in the houſe, but moſt generally in ſmall apartments connected with, or but ſlightly ſeparated from, the main building; their mode of living is left to themſelves, and their food conſiſts principally of what is left from the tables of their maſters. It may be here obſerved, that the whole heathen mythology is ranſacked to find them names, which are in general beſtowed in a manner not the moſt honourable to thoſe deities at whoſe altars one half of the human race formerly bowed down. Thus Jupiter cleans the ſhoes, Hercules rubs down the horſes, and Juno lights the fire.

Sometimes, however, you meet a ſlave beau: his ears are ornamented with rings, a red ſhawl is wrapped round his neck, a plume of common oſtrich feathers wave in his hat, he treads lightly along, nodding his feathers, and looking proudly round him. He is liſted above ground, and has totally forgot that he is a ſlave.

In their marriages they uſe few or no ceremonies, if indeed the manner in which the male and female ſlaves aſſociate deſerve the name of marriage. No long ſervices engage affection; no prieſt beſtows his benediction on the nuptial bed; no parent gives away his daughter, and aſſembles his friends on the happy day; ſlavery lights the marriage torch; ſlavery leads them alone and unattended to the marriage bed. The huſband viſits his wife as he can find opportunities, and leaves her when he pleaſes to take another, without ceremony and without reproach.

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As ſoon as the breath has left the body of a ſick man, the women who ſurround the bed burſt out into tears and lamentations, and communicate the infection of ſorrow to the men. The corpſe is dreſſed out not without much weeping, and a day is allowed for the aſſembling of his friends to mourn over his remains. The Malay expreſſes his grief by ſitting beſide his dead friend in profound ſilence, and with downcaſt and penſive look; but the natives of Malabar and Mozambique break into ſudden and violent floods of ſorrow, which they often ſeem to begin and end in concert. On the day of interment, the friends again aſſemble, and follow the bier to the place appointed; here the body is committed to the earth with more or leſs ceremony, according to the religion or piety of the tribe: all expreſs ſorrow, but, with the greater part, this ſorrow is of no long duration. The Malays alone extend their care, and ſeem to cheriſh their grief. On the third, ſeventh, tenth, fortieth, and hundredth day, they again aſſemble round the grave, pour ſweet-ſcented waters upon it, and ſtrew over it the choiceſt flowers.—They bid the earth lie lightly on the breaſt of their former companion, and for the laſt time mingle their tears together over him. Having thus performed the laſt duties of friendſhip and affection, they return and feaſt together, well aſſured that their friend is happy.

In one of our morning walks about the town, obſerving a conſiderable crowd before the door of a houſe, my friend and I went up and enquired what was going forward, and were informed that it was a public ſale of all the effects of a coloniſt, deceaſed. Scarcely had we joined the crowd, when the auctioneer mounted upon a chair, and ſtruck for ſome time upon a round plate of braſs, as a ſignal that the auction was going to begin. Immediately all was attention. Numbers of articles were put up and diſpoſed of; till, growing tired of the ſcene, we were going away: a ſhort pauſe, however, and then a murmur in the aſſembly, announced that ſomething elſe than trifles was going to be produced. We accordingly waited a moment, and ſoon ſaw a black man coming forward through the crowd; "Ah!" ſaid Charles, "they are going to diſpoſe of the family ſlaves, let us ſtop a little longer."

The firſt that was put up was a ſtout native of the Mozambique coaſt. His look was ſad and melancholy, his hands hanging down claſped together, as if they were bound, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. When he heard that his lot was determined, and that he was ſold for 600 rix-dollars, he raiſed his eyes up heavily to look for his new maſter, and followed him out of the crowd, without ſpeaking a word: but we thought that his cheek was wet with tears, and perhaps we were right; for the purchaſer told us, with ſome expreſſions of compaſſion, that he had been a great favourite of his deceaſed friend. Many

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more were put up, the houſehold of the deceaſed having been very numerous, but on the countenances of all of them ſorrow and the humiliation of ſlavery were the predominating features. At length, an object was preſented which almoſt made us weep: a mother was brought forward with a little girl of three years old clinging to her, which they wiſhed to tear from her, whilſt ſhe, dreading the threats of her owners, feebly told her child to leave her, at the ſame time that ſhe folded her arms round it. "Put them up together, put them up together," ſaid every voice; it was conſented to, and the woman kiſſing her child, and leading it by the hand, advanced to the ſpot appointed.

Whilſt they were bidding for her, ſhe looked anxiouſly round in every countenance, as if imploring compaſſion. Her price was bade up to ſeven hundred dollars, which the auctioneer repeated a long time, without any body ſeeming willing to ſay more. "The man who has bought her and the child," ſaid one who ſtood next us, "has the reputation of being very cruel to his ſlaves."—"Has he?" ſaid Charles, whilſt the blood ruſhed into his face, "but he has not got them yet."—"Seven hundred and ten," cried he, with a voice trembling with eagerneſs. Every body turned their eyes upon us, and the mother and the little child looked full in Charles's face. "Seven hundred and twenty," ſaid the man, ſtarting up:"—"thirty," cried Charles; "fifty," ſaid the other; "eight hundred," bade Charles; the man bit his lips; a long pauſe enſued; "eight hundred and one," ſaid a mild looking old man whoſe humanity I was well acquainted with; Charles drew back, and the poor ſlave was allotted to a mild maſter.

When we had got into the ſtreet, I could not help remarking how lightly Charles walked along, and how his eyes gliſtened with the pleaſing reflection of having done a good action. Every now and then alſo he exclaimed to himſelf, "Poor child! poor child! I have ſaved you ſome ſtripes however," and then he would walk on ſo faſt that I could ſcarcely keep up with him.

"What are theſe ſmall ſtones, ſome of them dark and others white, which ſhine in the moonlight, and ſeem not to have been ſet there by chance?" They were not indeed, Charles, ſaid I. "Tread lightly, tread lightly, my friend; we now approach a region ſacred to ſilence and deep repoſe. Theſe black and white ſtones are memorials of the dead—and of the neglected dead. Yonder is the ſlaves' burying ground."

To this my friend anſwered not a word: at the mention of the ſlaves' burying ground, he ſtopped ſuddenly, and then as quickly walked on. We ſoon reached the ſpot, where it was plain from the number of little hillocks, and the diſpoſition of the ſtones, that it was indeed a burying ground; a mournful ſilence reigned around us. Table Bay was huſhed, or at moſt, a

faint murmur was heard upon its ſhores; the moon was muffled up in the ſpreading clouds, and we remained as if rivetted to the earth in ſilent meditation, when we heard the ſobbings of ſome one at a little diſtance; we turned round, and beheld the bended form of a female ſitting by a newly cloſed grave.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the impreſſion which this object and the ſcene made upon us. Was it a father, a mother, a child, or a huſband, whoſe freſh remains lay buried there? we dare not aſk. "Perhaps it was a friend," ſaid Charles, ſqueezing my hand. "Perhaps it was," ſaid I, with a voice half interrupted; and we ſtood with tears in our eyes to look at the female ſlave mourner.

She was ſitting by the ſide of the grave with her head ſupported between her knees; but when ſhe heard us approaching, and ſtill more, when ſhe ſaw us gazing upon her, ſhe ſmothered her ſighs, and lifting up her head, endeavoured to appear as if toſſing about the little crumbling bits of earth with indifference: but in doing this, it ſeemed to recall the idea of what lay beneath, and ſhe turned now and then aſide for a few moments to weep. Her long black hair, inſtead of being neatly rolled up on her head, according to the mode amongſt the female ſlaves at the Cape, hung diſhevelled upon her ſhoulders; her dreſs was looſe, her form light, ſmall, elegant, and her whole figure was rendered doubly intereſting by the mingled ideas of ſorrow and oppreſſion; for ſhe was a female, a mourner, and a ſlave.

How long did Charles and I remain looking at this unfortunate female, I know not; the feelings count not the moments as they paſs. We walked ſlowly away; and, on turning round, the mourner appeared to have taken no other notice of our abſence than by again bending her head between her knees, and remaining in that poſture till we were out of ſight.

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## *The* RUNNING MATCH *at* MARGATE.

[From Keate's Sketches of Nature.]

WHEN a Frenchman talks of a fete, one is often at a loſs to know what may conſtitute it. It is frequently enough for him that a number of people are aſſembled in their holiday cloaths, whether for the purpoſe of canonizing a ſaint, or to form a guinguette, is not material. Nay, had there been no more than a gingerbread fair at St. Laurence, La Pierre* would have probably gone thither, and returned too, perfectly ſatisfied.



* Mr. Keate's French valet.

But it happened to be ſomething better; for it was really a fete du-village, called in this country a running match; which is an amuſement common in theſe parts, though I had never myſelf ſeen one of the kind either in the iſland or elſewhere.

As my friend, after dinner, propoſed we ſhould be ſpectators of it, he obligingly gave me a few particulars relative to this ſpecies of rural ſports.

A certain number of young men, who are active and expert at the buſineſs, for a trifling ſum collected among themſelves, challenge each other to contend in a running match. They divide into two ſets, as opponents; uſually about eleven on a ſide, though ſometimes more; each party wearing a particular coloured ribband tied about their arms, to diſtinguiſh them from their adverſaries.

Their method of running, as I underſtood, was, that each ſide when they ſtripped for the conteſt, depoſited their clothes for their reſpective goals, at the diſtance of eight or ten rods from one another; and thus arranged, ſtand prepared for the race. As ſoon as it is agreed which ſide begins, one of that ſide ſallies from the goal, who when he has ran out four or five rods, is marked and chaced by one of his antagoniſts, whoſe endeavour is to purſue him, ſo as to be able to lay his hand upon ſome part of his body, which, if he effects, this is called "giving a ſtroke." But to prevent this effect, he who departed ſecond, is, after he advances four or five rods, purſued in his turn by another of the firſt party; and this laſt man in the ſame manner by another of the ſecond party, and ſo alternately, one after another; each ſtriving, by purſuing his adverſary, who went out immediately before him, to divert that adverſary from being able to give the ſtroke to the man he was aiming to lay hold of, by awakening his attention to his own ſecurity; each contender alſo taking every precaution in his power, to keep to himſelf a retreat open to that goal from whence he ſet out.

Thoſe racers who are expert, and have been much accuſtomed to this ſport, will chace each other frequently for a long time before there will be a ſingle ſtroke received on either ſide.

As ſoon as it happens that a ſtroke is given, the race is immediately ſtopped, and every man returns to his reſpective goal.—The party that has loſt the ſtroke then renew the race as before, and which ever ſide obtains the firſt ſeven ſtrokes becomes the victor of the day.

To prevent any diſpute that may ariſe concerning the ſtroke, each party before the race begins chooſes an umpire; who are placed on the moſt convenient ſpot for obſerving the match, and by whoſe deciſions all differences are adjuſted. But theſe are the ſports of pleaſure, of health, and of ſimplicity; far unlike thoſe pernicious games introduced by wanton luxury, which diſturb the tranquillity of the mind, and agitate every paſſion of

the heart. Here emulation is the ſole point in view, each being ambitious to ſhew his agility and ſtrength. All is conducted with good humour and amity; nor is it the leaſt pleaſing part of the ſcene, that when the conteſt is over, the victors and the vanquiſhed divide the triumph; the former expending the prize in a rural ſupper prepared on the ſpot, at which they are only diſtinguiſhed from the latter by ſitting at the upper end of the table.

My friend added, that he believed there would be many people on this occaſion, as the ſon of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood was one of the race; who, though a remarkable fleet and experienced youth, had not run this ſummer, having, as it was thought, been pining for love of a young woman of Manſton, who was an heireſs with five hundred pounds in her pocket. But it is generally conjectured, ſays he, that Fanny is in reality as deeply ſmitten as Richard, and only withholds her anſwer for the pleaſure of being dangled after by her admirer.

When we had walked down to the place of contention, it preſented us with a moſt intereſting ſcene. It was a field ſurrounded with a hedge, that bloomed with briar-roſes and wild honey-ſuckles; on one ſide was a ſmall plantation of trees, under which was raiſed an awning of ſail-cloth, tied from ſtem to ſtem, forming a kind of large tent, beneath which the tables for the ſupper were placed.

The graſs was covered with many people from the neighbouring villages, aſſembled in their Sunday clothes; while theſe formed an extended circle, and had their attention fixed on the young men, who were exerting their abilities in the race, ſeveral rural females were employed in twiſting wreaths of wild flowers round the bottoms of the trees that ſupported the tent; and others, in blending together garden ones, which they had brought in little baſkets, into noſegays and chaplets, to preſent all the contenders with when the match was finiſhed.

La Pierre had run away with half his dinner, for fear of loſing a moment of the fete. It was the ſcene in the world for him! His vivacity, his good-humour, his broken Engliſh, and his infinite attention to every thing that wears a petticoat, excite him to be ever offering his ſervice, and renders that ſervice ever engaging. I could not but ſmile to ſee him buſtling about with the country girls, and aſſiſting them in tying up their flowers; for La Pierre has the vanity to believe that no man can compoſe a bouquet ſo gracefully as himſelf.

All the runners were ſtript in their ſhirts, with white linen breeches, and white ſtockings; and each had a ſilk handkerchief tied round his waiſt. It was hardly neceſſary for my friend to point out the farmer's ſon whom he had mentioned, as his manly figure, and ſuperior agility, had before diſtinguiſhed him to me. Indeed nothing but habitude could produce in all of them,

them, that fleetneſs of foot, and the rapidity exerciſed in their repeated evolutions; and we may ſuppoſe that each exerted himſelf to the utmoſt, from the intereſt he might feel in the approbation of the rural maidens who were ſpectators of the race. Fanny was indeed by no means an unmoved one; ſhe had on a little ſtraw hat, lined with pink, and a flowered linen gown, tied with ribbands of the ſame colour, and pinned back to ſhew a pink petticoat beneath; an air of modeſty, and the hue of health, more marked her countenance than any particular beauty in her features. As ſoon as ſhe was ſhewn to me, I noticed her eyes following with eagerneſs every turn of her admirer; and ſufficiently read in her looks the intereſt he had in her heart, though whenever he accidentally paſſed near, and glanced his view towards her, ſhe affected to turn her's aſide, and conceal her attention.

As we walked between the trees to obſerve their decorations, and the ruſtic manner of ſetting out the ſupper, the young women ſhewed a ſatisfaction in ſeeing us ſo taken with their ſports. While I ſtood by Fanny, I could not help expreſſing to her my pleaſure in being fortunately preſent at ſo truly a paſtoral ſcene. She replied, with a bluſh, "It ſuits very well, Sir, ſuch folks as we." "It is ſuch only (ſays I), that can perfectly enjoy it: half the great people of the world would be unworthy of it; the inſipid refinements of life exclude them." She looked at her companions, and ſmiled.

Long was the conteſt on either ſide, and arduouſly urged on both; but now the ſhouts of the circling ſpectators declare the match decided, and Richard the foremoſt of the victors. All run to congratulate them; and as the diſputants draw toward the tent, ſome of the maidens preſent every champion with a noſegay, and each of the conquerors with one of the little chaplets they had prepared, which they immediately bind themſelves round his head.

Moſt of the villagers who came to the ſport, now gradually retire, while the young women, who are connected with the runners, are buſied in placing the cold ſupper on the tables. La Pierre could not avoid lending a hand, and diverted them all with his officious good humour.

Every thing arranged, thoſe who have obtained the victory, and after them, the ſubdued, preſent the bouquets they have received to the nymph whom they wiſh to have next them at ſupper, and who is after of courſe to be their partner in the dance.

O Richard! 'tis now thy trial comes! I who have long breathed, and ſtill breathe under the influence of love, who know how much it opens every channel of the heart, and ſets each delicacy of ſentiment afloat; how doth my ſympathizing boſom feel for thee in this critical inſtant! I ſee thee offer with an air of

diffidence this pledge of diſtinction to thy Fanny. I ſee pictured on thy countenance the ſtruggles of hope and fear; and her acceptance urged by looks, that art is too weak to deſcribe!—She recedes, but recedes reluctant. I view thee ſtill with ardour perſevere; the very roſes tremble in thy chaplet, and add a new grace to thy brow!

And lo! thy miſtreſs turns leſs averſe; ſhe doubts—ſhe deliberates—ſhe almoſt reſolves—ſhe lifts up her eyes, and beholds her lover crowned a conqueror; ſhe receives the noſegay from his hand, and compleats his triumph!

Richard, who was known to my friend, moſt preſſingly ſolicited us to partake of their entertainment, and ſeated us by himſelf and Fanny. After the repaſt, which conſiſted of cold meat, a little ſhell fiſh, with ſome fruit, and vegetables, a goblet of home-made wine went round the table, in ſalutation of the victors, and in wiſhing future ſucceſs to thoſe who had miſſed it to day. It was altogether ſo unexpected a ſcene of nature, and ſimplicity, that I almoſt fancied myſelf in the plains of Arcadia, by ſeeing thus realized the fictions of poetry.

The ſupper ended, they all roſe up at the ſound of the tabour and pipe; and each taking out the partner he had before made choice of, they began the dance, which was to cloſe the evening with the ſame temperate feſtivity.

My heart was ſo much with them, that I forgot how the time ſtole away, till the full moon, riſing ſlowly from the horizon into a cloudleſs ſky, reminded me of my diſtance from home. I mounted my horſe with reluctance; and La Pierre, who followed, in high ſpirits, obſerved, as we rode along, that he was ſure the entertainment he had ſeen was never invented by the Engliſh, as the people were all ſo polite to each other, and no one quarrelſome or drunk.

The reader will rejoice to hear, that ſoon after this fete du village, my friend at Saint Laurence informed me, that Richard and Fanny had been aſked in church the preceding Sunday, "and as the whole neighbourhood," ſays he, "ſo much wiſh their union, there is no fear that any one will forbid the banns."

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## *Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.*

(Continued from Page 214.)

THE attack of Naas, the moſt conſiderable of the military ſtations aſſailed by the inſurgents, at the very commencement of the rebellion, was an hour and a half later than that of Proſperous. In this town, fifteen miles ſouth-weſtward of Dublin, were poſted a part of the Armagh militia, detachments of

of the fourth regiment of dragoon guards and of the ancient Britons, under the command of Lord Viſcount Gosford, colonel of the Armagh regiment, The ſurpriſe of this poſt was prevented by the vigilance of the garriſon. The approach of near a thouſand inſurgents, under the conduct of a chief named Michael Reynolds, being announced by a dragoon, the troops had time to form according to a preconcerted plan. Repulſed in their firſt onſet at the county gaol, which ſtands in this town, the rebels poſſeſſed themſelves of all the avenues, and made a general aſſault in almoſt every direction. Unable to make an impreſſion on the troops, they fled on all ſides after about forty minutes of irregular firing, and were purſued with ſlaughter by the cavalry. Of the king's forces, two officers and ſome privates were ſlain; of the rebels about thirty were found dead in the ſtreets, and a greater number, perhaps near a hundred, may have been ſlaughtered in the roads and fields in the purſuit. In the courſe of the day the inhabitants of Naas beheld ſuch ſcenes, as were afterwards exhibited elſewhere on a larger ſcale, and with much higher colouring, the terrified loyaliſts of the neighbouring towns and country, men, women, and children, who had abandoned their poſſeſſions to the rapacity of the foe, flocking into this place of arms with the troops who retreated from the inferior poſts. The little garriſon of Claine arrived here in the morning, where Lieutenant Eſmond, taking his place in Captain Griffith's troop, apparently unconſcious of the affair of Proſperous, was arreſted. The troops who had fought at Kilcullen arrived not before nine in the evening; the fugitive loyaliſts who accompanied them were obliged to remain in the ſtreet all night, yet they fared much better than many people afterwards in ſimilar ſituations, as they were ſupplied with proviſions from the military ſtores while they continued in this town, which was during ſome time after in a ſtate of alarm.

In the action at Kilcullen, which had taken place at ſeven in the morning, the inefficacy of cavalry againſt embattled pikemen was too clearly ſhewn. A body of about three hundred rebels having taken poſt at the church of Old Kilcullen, General Dundas without waiting for his infantry, ordered his cavalry, conſiſting of forty men of the light dragoons and Romneys to charge, and, in this ſervice, three times repeated, they were repulſed with the loſs of Captains Erſkine and Cooks, and twenty privates, beſide ten wounded, moſt of them mortally. Retiring to Kilcullen bridge, he attacked the enemy, who had followed him thither, with twenty-ſeven Suffolk infantry in front, who, in three deſtructive diſcharges of muſketry, diſcomfited and diſperſed the rebels.

War being now openly commenced by the conſpirators, government neceſſarily proceeded to the ſtrongeſt meaſure of coercion. The lord lieutenant iſſued a proclamation on the

24th,

24th, giving notice, that orders were conveyed to all his majeſty's general officers in Ireland to puniſh according to martial law, by death or otherwiſe, as their judgement ſhould approve, all perſons acting, or in any manner aſſiſting, in the rebellion. This proclamation was notified the ſame day to both houſes of parliament, by a meſſage from his excellency, who received in conſequence addreſſes of thanks and approbation from both. The effects of this procedure, the neceſſity of which marked the calamitous condition of the country, were quickly felt by great numbers of the lower, and ſome of the higher claſſes of the people. An inſtance of its fatality to the latter immediately occurred on the ſanguinary repulſe of the rebels at Carlow.

Of the intended ſurpriſe of this town, forty miles ſouth-weſtward from Dublin, the garriſon was apprized, both by an intercepted letter, and by the intelligence of Lieutenant Roe, of the North-Cork militia, who had obſerved the peaſants aſſembling in the vicinity late in the evening of the 24th of May. The garriſon, conſiſting of a body of the ninth dragoons, the light company of the North-Cork militia, under Captain Heard, ſome of the Louth militia, under Lieutenant Ogle, the yeoman infantry of Carlow, under Captains Burton and Euſtace, Sir Charles Burton's yeoman cavalry, and about forty volunteers—the whole about four hundred and fifty in number, under the command of Colonel Mahon, of the ninth dragoons, was judiciouſly diſtributed at various poſts for the reception of the aſſailants. The plan of aſſault was ill contrived, or ill executed. Different parties were appointed to enter the town at different avenues; but only one, that which arrived ſooneſt, attempted an entrance, the reſt being deterred by the inceſſant firing of the troops. This body, perhaps, amounting to a thouſand or fifteen hundred, aſſembling at the houſe of Sir Edward Croſbie, a mile and a half diſtant from Carlow, marched into the town at two o'clock of the morning of the 25th of May, with ſo little precaution as to alarm the garriſon at a quarter of a mile's diſtance, by the diſcharge of a gun, in the execution of a man who ſcrupled to accompany them in their enterpriſe. As they ruſhed into Tullow-ſtreet, they received ſo deſtructive a fire from the garriſon, that they recoiled and endeavoured to retreat; but finding their flight intercepted, numbers took refuge in the houſes, where they found a miſerable exit, theſe being immediately fired by the ſoldiery. About eight houſes were conſumed in this conflagration, and for ſome days the roaſted remains of unhappy men were falling down the chimnies in which they had periſhed. As about half this column of aſſailants had arrived within the town, and few eſcaped from that ſituation, their loſs can hardly be eſtimated at leſs than four hundred; while not a man was even wounded on the ſide of the loyaliſts.

After the defeat, executions commenced, as elſewhere in this calamitous period, and about two hundred in a ſhort time were hanged or ſhot, according to martial law. Among the earlieſt victims were Sir Edward Croſbie, and one Heydon, a yeoman of Sir Charles Burton's troop. The latter is believed to have been the leader of the rebel column; to have conducted the aſſailants into the town, and on their ill ſucceſs to have abandoned them. He had certainly in that criſis taken his place as a yeoman, and joined in the ſlaughter of the aſſailants. Sir Edward, at whoſe houſe the rebel column had aſſembled, but who certainly had not accompanied them in their march, was condemned and hanged as an United Iriſhman.

The defeats of the rebels at Monaſterevan and Hacketſtown, in the ſame morning with that at Carlow, were nearly as bloodleſs on the ſide of the loyaliſts. The garriſon of the former, conſiſting of eighty-five yeomen, not three weeks embodied, of whom forty-three were cavalry, was aſſailed by a body of men, perhaps a thouſand in number, a little after four o'clock; but ſuch was the ſpirit and ſteadineſs of this little army, aſſiſted by ſome volunteers, that the aſſailants were on every ſide completely repulſed, though they could not be prevented from ſetting fire to part of the town. The infantry, under Lieutenant George Bagot, had advanced againſt the main body of the enemy on the bank of the grand canal, where the town is ſituate; while the cavalry, under Captain Hayſtead, ſkirmiſhed with another party in the ſtreet. On the return of part of the infantry from the purſuit, a furious attack was made in conjunction with the cavalry, and the rebels were driven from the town with ſlaughter. Sixty-eight of their dead were ſaid to be collected and buried by the victors; ſome are ſuppoſed to have been carried away by the vanquiſhed, many of whom were doubtleſs wounded. Of the loyaliſts nine were ſlain, of whom two were of the volunteer claſs.

The incaution and vain confidence of the inſurgents was no where more ſtrongly exemplified than in their attack of Hacketſtown, in the county of Carlo, forty-four miles from Dublin. The garriſon, which was compoſed of a detachment of the Antrim militia, under Lieutenant Gardiner, and a body of yeomen, under Captain Hardy, being appriſed of the approach of the inſurgents, marched out to meet them; but on ſight of the enemy, whoſe number appeared to be above three thouſand, the troops retreated, leſt they ſhould be ſurrounded, and took refuge in the barrack. This, as the event ſoon proved, anſwered the purpoſe of a feint. The rebels, from joy of their imagined victory, raiſed a vehement ſhout, and ruſhing forward in the utmoſt confuſion, were on the ſudden arrival of Captain Hume, with thirty of his yeomen, charged with ſuch addreſs and ſpirit as to be completely routed, with the loſs of perhaps two hundred of their men; while not one of the loyaliſts was hurt,

hurt, except a ſoldier, who received a contuſion on the arm; and Lieutenant Gardiner, who was violently bruiſed by the ſtroke of a ſtone on the breaſt.

While the rebellion was thus checked in its extenſion ſouth-weſtward of the capital, exertions were made, and arrangements to ſuppreſs it, on the northern and weſtern ſides. In conſequence of theſe arrangements, on the evening of the 26th, a large body of rebels aſſembled on the hill of Tarah, in the county of Meath, ſituate eighteen miles northward of Dublin, was completely routed, with the ſlaughter, we are told, of three hundred and fifty of their men, found dead on the field of battle, together with their leader in his uniform; with the loſs of nine killed and ſixteen wounded of the victorious party, which was compoſed of three companies of the regiment of Reay fencibles, with a field-piece of artillery, under the command of Captain M'Lean; Lord Fingal's troop of yeomen cavalry; thoſe of Captain Preſton and Lower Kells; and Captain Molly's company of yeoman infantry, in all about four hundred. The poſition of this hill, inſulated in a widely ſurrounding plain, is well adapted for defence againſt an attacking foe, but ill for eſcape from victorious cavalry; from whoſe purſuit they could be protected only by the incloſures of the fields, ſo that many doubtleſs were killed or wounded.

As this victory laid open the communication of the metropolis with the northern parts of the kingdom, ſo other ſucceſsful movements produced the ſame effect on the weſtern ſide. On the 29th, a little after eleven o'clock in the morning, a body of rebels, who had poſted themſelves in the village of Rathangan, on the grand canal, in the county of Kildare, ſituate twenty-nine miles weſtward of Dublin, had committed murders, and had fortified their poſt with barricadoes and chains acroſs the ſtreets, was diſlodged, and about ſixty of them ſlaughtered, by a party under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Longfield, of the royal Cork militia, who advanced againſt the town with his artillery in front, his infantry ſupporting it behind, and his cavalry ſo placed as to ſupport both. No loſs was ſuſtained by the king's troops, as the rebels gave way on the ſecond diſcharge of the cannon.

*(To be continued.)*

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## MIDDLE MEN.

"AS for the chopping of bargains," ſays Lord Bacon in his Eſſay on Riches, "when a man buys not to hold, but to ſell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the ſeller and upon the buyer."

## JOURNEY TO MONT PERDU.

THE learned M. Ramond, and ſome others, made a ſcientific tour to the ſummit of Mont Perdu, the higheſt mountain of the Pyrenees; and he concludes a ſimple and perſpicuous account of his enterprize, in the following words:

"I remained two hours on the ſummit of Mont Perdu, and which ever way I turned my eyes, could perceive nothing that had life but an eagle, which paſſed over our heads, flying directly againſt the wind with inconceivable rapidity. In leſs than a minute we loſt ſight of him. We ourſelves could ſcarcely ſtand againſt the violence of the wind, over which an eagle triumphed with ſo much eaſe, and it produced an inſupportable degree of cold. No wind ſo ſpeedily diminiſhes animal warmth as the ſouth, when expoſed to its action in the moſt elevated regions of the atmoſphere. It owes this property to its dryneſs and rapidity, which exhauſt the evaporation of ſuch bodies as are ſuſceptible of it. We were chilled, though the thermometer did not indicate a very low temperature. This inconvenience is the only one that I there experienced. We breathed without difficulty an air ſo rarefied, that many could not have exiſted in it. I have more than once ſeen many ſtrong people obliged to ſtop at a much lower elevation; and, at Col-du-Geant, where the air is only at the ſame degree of rarefaction, Sauſſure experienced a kind of ſuffocation, and began to feel ill, when he took more violent exerciſe than uſual. Here we met with nothing of the kind. The ſtate of the pulſe alone indicated an alteration, independent of the agitation of the journey. It did not become more tranquil by repoſe.

"During the whole time we remained on the ſummit, it was low and quick, in the proportion of five to four. This fever, which is nervous, ſufficiently ſhewed how we ſhould be affected at a greater elevation; but, at the height at which we were, it produced a quite contrary effect. Far from cauſing a dejection, it ſeemed to ſuſtain my ſtrength, and raiſe my ſpirits. I am perſuaded that we frequently owe to it that agility of body, that refined ſenſation, and buoyancy of ideas, which ſuddenly diſſipate the depreſſion ariſing from fatigue, and the apprehenſion of danger. We need ſeek no farther for the enthuſiaſm which animates the narratives of the inhabitants of more elevated countries. Probably ſome portion of it may likewiſe be attributed to the influence of the ſituations themſelves—to the majeſty of the ſpectacle—to the emotion excited by ſo many new and impoſing views, when alone on theſe ſummits, which are the actual extremities of the earth. The obſerver, invited to reflection by the grandeur of the objects, and the ſilence of nature, contemplates above his head, the immenſity of the expanſe, and beneath his feet, the profundity of time."

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## TO MY FAVOURITE.—A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS.

WHY from your eyes, my darling creature,
Do thoſe pearls in drops deſcend?
Huſh that gloomineſs of feature;
Calm thoſe fears that fill your mind.
Let not the din of arms reſounding
Fill your tender heart with care;
Or the proud foe's vain boaſt prove wounding
To your ſweet and graceful air.

Like yon bright orb at morn ariſing,
Reſumes to us his vital fire;
So with your tender accents pleaſing,
"Reſponſive ſtrike the warbling lyre."
Or like the volant lark aſcending,
Redoubling burſts its rapt'rous lay;
And when on nought but plumes depending,
Nature cheers the live-long day.

Should the proud foe, with hate indignant,
Waft his legions o'er the main,
"Britons to arms!" the words then inſtant
Fly and thrill thro' every vein.
With heart and hand, behold us muſter,
Ardent for our country's weal;
Then ſee the diff'rent groupes, in cluſters,
Ruſh impetuous at the call.

With unanimity prevailing,
Gallant courage, braving fear,
Of caution ſtill ourſelves availing,
Prompt with vig'rous, ſteady care.
Then who, or where's, that foe with vengeance
Durſt approach our native land?
Or where's the ſwarm of blind attendants
Boaſting conqueſt at command?

Then let them come, arm'd proof for plunder,
Skiffing o'er the billowing waves,
Where is that Briton, ſtruck with wonder,
Who'll with terror on them gaze?
Britannia's ſons, e'er fam'd for glory,
Wait with zeal the look'd for day.
Hail then union! whig and tory;
We're born to conquer, not to die!

Then let not dread of wars alarm you,
Your wonted harmleſs pleaſures ſhare;
No daring foe ſhall ever harm you,
Go reſt in peace, my gentle fair!
And when the toils are o'er and ended,
Your fondeſt hopes ſhall then return;
And love, with all its votaries blended,
Shall you poſſeſs.—So ceaſe to mourn,

*Clowance, Auguſt*, 1803. T. R.
For

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO BRITONS.

PROUD of her ſtrength, let not Britannia boaſt,
But truſt in Him who rules the armed hoſt;
Who made a Pharaoh and his legions feel,
A death more awful than from ſharpen'd ſteel;
Who* ſpread diſmay thro' the Aſſyrian crew,
And mail-clad thouſands bade the world adieu;
Who, ever faithful to a praying land,
Bids hoſtile monſters at a diſtance ſtand;
They cannot paſs the bound'ries He has made,
When once He ſays, "Your fury here be ſtaid."
Low in the duſt then let each patriot bend,
And ſeek protection from the Chriſtian's friend;
Thus while we arm, let this our motto be,
"Lord we've no ſtrength, but what's deriv'd from thee;
"God whets the ſword, which every foe devours,
"Be thine the victory, and thy bleſſing our's."

*Exeter, Auguſt* 28, 1803. AMBROSE.

* 2 Kings, Ch. xix. v. 35.

## THE PARSONAGE HOUSE.

NOT remote from a cottage where peaſants implore,
Forgiveneſs, good harveſts, and ale,
Screen'd from notice, and far from the town's buſy roar,
The parſonage ſtands in the vale.

No architect plann'd it, no fanciful head,
E'er trac'd capability here,
Where nature firſt plac'd them, the lofty trees ſpread,
And the ſtream ſtraggles narrow and clear.

But peace, gentle peace, her fair mantle has thrown
O'er the landſcape, where, ſtrangers to ſtrife,
In friendſhip and love, little knowing or known,
Live the rector, his children, and wife.

Tho' humble their lot, yet if happineſs ſpring
From the mind, ſurely happy are they;
By conſtancy guarded from jealouſy's ſting,
They exiſt but to love and obey.

With ears tun'd to harmony, oft they unite,
The ſounds of ſoft muſic to raiſe,
Oft enliven the gloom of a long winter's night,
By chanting their ruſtical lays.

Thus unpamper'd by wealth, unincumber'd by ſtate,
They glide down the current of life,
And leave their ſuperiors to envy the fate
Of the rector, his children, and wife.

## S O N G.

I'VE roam'd thro' many a weary round,
I've wander'd eaſt and weſt;
Pleaſure in every clime I found,
But ſought in vain for reſt.
While glory ſighs for other ſpheres,
I feel that *one*'s too wide,
And think the home, which love endears,
Worth all the world beſide.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## ODE *for* CHRISTMAS-DAY, *written and ſet to Muſic, by* T. SHOEL, *and ſhortly to be publiſhed.*

MORTALS! wake your nobleſt lays,
Loudly ſound the ſong of praiſe.
Muſic all her efforts lending,
Round the globe the echoes ſending,
Uſhering in the glorious morn,
That ſaw the great Meſſiah born.

Hark! the full angelic choir,
Raptur'd ſweep th' immortal lyre;
While the ardent ſeraphs join,
Tuning high the ſtrain divine.
Thro' the ſkies the anthems ſound,
And all the liſt'ning ſpheres rebound.

He comes, th' incarnate Saviour's near,
Let all the earth the tidings hear,
Let Heaven with praiſes ring:
He comes from ſin and Hell to ſave,
He comes to triumph o'er the grave,
Then hail the new-born King.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH.

[From "Viſions of Memory," lately publiſhed.]

AGAIN from ſchool releas'd, with joy elate,
I ſoon forget each adverſe frown of fate;
No pride was mine; amongſt a clowniſh train,
I ſportive danc'd along the village plain.
Oft in the grove we ſhew'd our youthful art,
And play'd, with pompous ſtrut, the ſoldier's part;
And oft, the mimick maſter of a ſchool,
I prais'd the good and chid the acting fool.
And ſeem'd to frown, with wiſdom in my look;
The graſs my ſeat, a verdant leaf my book;
But ſoon aſide the verdant book was thrown,
To race at freedom o'er the village lawn,
Where, with extended hats and anxious eyes,
We chas'd the gay fantaſtic butterflies:
O world in miniature! thus men purſue:
Each guileful form, their fancies bring to view;
To honour, wealth, and fame, they vainly climb,
Mere gaudy bubbles on the ſtream of time.

Deep ſunk in thought fond mem'ry heaves a ſigh,
To mark how ſwift our days of pleaſure fly!
How ſoon thoſe hours of happineſs depart,
That once with gladneſs fill'd the youthful heart!
Each ſimple paſtime that could then delight,
Seems but the ſtory of a winter's night.

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## COQUETRY CORRECTED.

LISETTA, till thirty, plagued half of mankind,
Still giving new hopes, yet ſtill changing her mind,
But ſee how things alter—Liſetta, I vow,
Grown wiſer, or *older*, plagues nobody now.